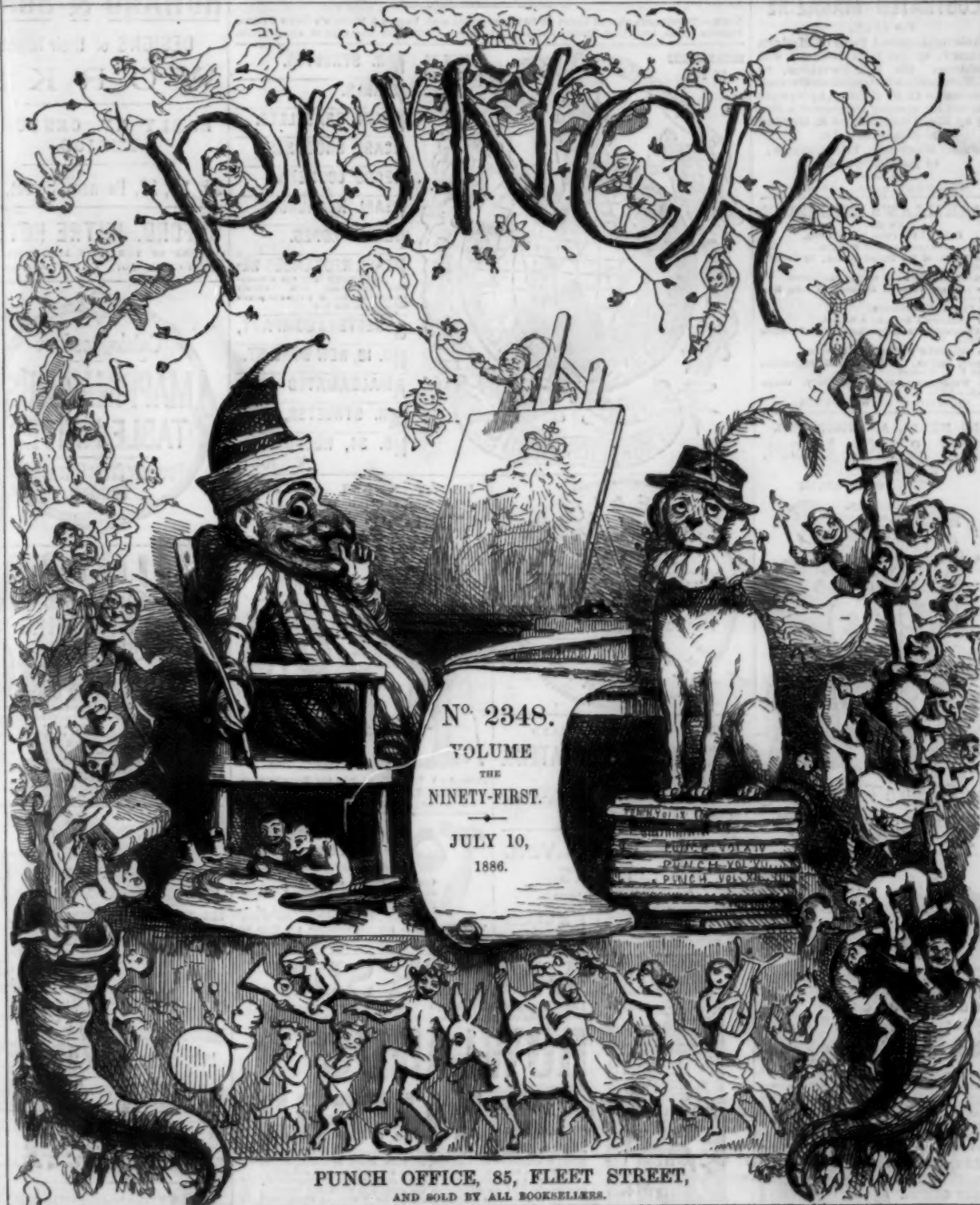


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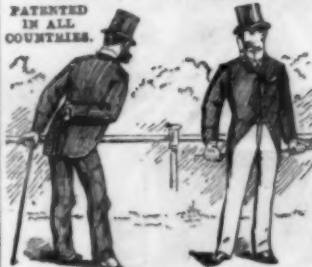
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## THE COMMON SQUEAL.

A SONG FOR SHRIEKERS.

I.



MEN, whose fathers lied, and tricked, and bribed to bring about the Union, Men, whose brothers at the Music Hall grimace,

I will show you that the Poet with your spirits owns communion, I will show you that the Bard is of your race.

II.

What are those that shriek and squeal against the Isle across the water? What is he that crams our ears with patriot cant?

See the lyrist lick the party back at breathing fire and slaughter?  
See the man of rhymes embrace the man of rant?

III.

Here the plea whereby the Poet apes, and charms, the Penny Paper—  
"We are they whose works sensationally shine,  
I was ever good at courses, VICTOR HUGO I'll out-vapour,  
And if there is a scurril tongue 'tis mine."

IV.

Who would fear to back the Poet as a double-barrelled screamer,  
Pure of morals, clean of language, free from bile?  
Do you want old GLADSTONE scarified, the sanguinary schemer?  
I will show you how to slander and revile.

(Does so in nine violent verses, savage and scathing, but scarcely suited for publication.)

XIV.

There! That cuts every record in the way of party squealing,  
That's the style to pelt and pulverise your foes.  
You thought Lord RANDOLPH rabid, but this comes as a revealing,  
And there's lots more where it comes from—verse or prose.

XV.

Perfect rancour, wrath eternal, everlasting objurcation,  
Freedom? Yes, I've always praised it, and may be  
It may do for France or Italy. But that curst Irish nation?—  
Rather slay them man by man from sea to sea!

## A DISGUSTED C. C.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I AM literally boiling over with indignation at the amount of roasting I am receiving, from the members of my numerous acquaintance, as to the state of my health after my imagined week of Festivities. Week of Festivities indeed! Week of Fasting rather. The stewing and baking and frying, being confined to the heat of the one festivity, to which I was invited.

On Sunday I went to Church, to St. Paul's, no refreshments there of course, and none expected. On Monday I gazed with a proper degree of profound respect, and at a respectful distance, upon the Masonic performance of H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, at the Tower Bridge. No refreshments afterwards, tho' certainly not of course, for I certainly did expect them. On Tuesday I was not included in the select few who dined at the Mansion House, with the Mayors and Provosts of the United Kingdom. On Wednesday, I was informed, that the grand reception and supper at the Colinderies, was adjourned *sine die*. On Thursday I went to the Crystal Palace at the invitation of the Directors of that real Palace of the People, but as my refreshments were at my own expense, they were confined to a cup of coffee and a roll and butter. On Friday I attended the magnificent ball that we gave at Guildhall, and then of course I was enabled to

indulge my remarkably fine appetite, with every luxury that a refined taste and immense experience could supply. On Saturday I was not invited to meet the Prince of WALES, at a grand banquet to the Executive Committee of the Colinderies, of which I had heard a distant rumour.

So you will perceive, Sir, that my share of the famous week's festivities, amounted to one good supper, provided for me by the Corporation, and a cup of coffee and a roll and butter, provided for me by myself. And yet I find that I am the victim of the pretended sympathy of my pitying friends, at my necessarily seedy appearance after a week of unbounded luxury. The trial is doubly hard to bear, as it began with bitter disappointment, and ends with sardonic sympathy.

A C. C. (but assuredly not a Seedy One).

## A REGULAR PLANT.

SIR,—Here is a passage from a book I have been reading, "*The Sagacity and Morality of Plants*," by J. E. TAYLOR, Ph. D., F.L.S., &c., &c.: CHATTO AND WINDUS," that has afforded me not only some food for reflection, but material for experiment. "Hosts of common plants," the author says, "continually perform actions which, if they were done by human beings, would at once be brought within the category of right and wrong. There is hardly a vice or virtue which has not its counterpart in the action of the vegetable kingdom."

I soon set about getting a practical answer to his question by planting my back garden and stocking my conservatory with selected specimens, and then watching and taking notes. The result has been so unique and peculiar that I publish it without further apology. Here it is:—



"An Orchid Hunter."

Taking my round this morning, was much surprised by hearing peals of laughter. Found that they came from a *Brassica hilaris*, or light-hearted Cabbage (native of Putney), that had apparently been sent into fits by some remarks of the *Napina hieroglyphica*, or conundrum-asking Turnip. Noticed at the same time the unappreciative attitude of a fine sample of *Cucurbita deridens*, one of the Sneering Pumpkin family, whose tone was very irritating to some Asparagus that had evidently enjoyed the joke. Saw, as I came up the path, a *Raphanus febilis*, or easily-moved Horse-Radish, weeping in sympathy with an Onion that was also in tears, but I couldn't make out exactly what they were crying about, unless it was the conduct of a row of Strawberries, that resented being planted in their immediate vicinity, and deliberately turned their backs on them. On approaching the house found that the Creeper, a House-Breaking Wisteria, *Wisteria furax*, (native of Seven Dials), had in the night got in at the staircase-window, and managed to carry off a couple of bottles of pale ale from a cupboard on the landing. These I discovered it had given to a *Begonia siticulosa*, one of the dram-drinking species, that had been left out in its pot at the foot of the garden-steps, and had been egging on the Wisteria to commit the theft.

On entering the conservatory, was at once reminded of the *Pelargonium ficosum*, or practical joking geranium, that had again been up to its tricks, this time making a booby-trap of the watering pot, and hiding the contents of the work-basket among the roots of the ferns. I was, however, assisted in discovering their whereabouts by a total-abstaining cactus (*Cactus abstinens*), that takes a serious view of life, and fortunately frequently acts as a wet blanket to the exuberant tomfoolery set on foot by the roystering annuals. Noticed that several pots of Lobelia had been beaten literally from blue to black in aggressive attacks made on them by a hardy specimen of the Prize-fighting Fuchsia (*Fuchsia bellicosa*), which, I, however, managed eventually to quiet down by threatening to plant it out among the artichokes. Couldn't help observing the nasty feeling that appeared to exist between a Gardenia and several pots of Mignonette, the latter being restrained from flying at the former only by the presence of a hypochondriacal Phlox (*Phlox melancholicus*), native of Herve Bay, whose proverbial ill-humour and depression seemed to act as a salutary check upon any attempt to make a demonstration. Finished my round by turning out a low-minded Hollyhock that had taken to using the bad language of flowers and threatening a Dahlia, that had made away with the clipping-scissors, that I would call in the police unless it gave them up.

Such, Sir, has been my experience, which I beg you will publish for what it is worth, as I believe it will throw a good deal of practical light upon Dr. TAYLOR's theories. For obvious reasons I suppress my name and address, and must ask you to permit me simply to subscribe myself,  
SOMETHING LIKE A GARDENER.



### THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

*He.* "EVERYBODY WILL BE LEAVING TOWN NOW THAT PARLIAMENT IS DISSOLVED."

*She.* "YES. INDEED I THINK ALL THE NICE PEOPLE HAVE LEFT ALREADY!"

### OUR MORNING MENTORS.

WHICH IS RIGHT?

(From the "T.M.-s.")

THERE cannot be two opinions as to what the result of a Gladstonian victory would be. Assuming, for the sake of argument, that in that case the total subversion and dislocation of all moral and material ties, which would infallibly ensue, would not produce physical consequences of a similar portentous magnitude,—assuming, in a word, that the world would still go round, we have next to consider in what state it would go round. Here, in England, the stars would look down on a ruined Empire and a shattered Constitution! Our Colonies, despising a connection with an effete political Organism, would at once cast us adrift, and the great glory and boast of all Englishmen would have disappeared. Mr. GLADSTONE, it is needless to say, would be absolute Dictator, and, before a year had elapsed, we should see our ancient Church destroyed, the House of Lords abolished, Buckingham Palace let out in flats to the working-classes, an equestrian statue of Mr. BRADLAUGH surmounting the Arch at the top of Constitution Hill, Lord SALISBURY beheaded on Shepherd's Bush Green, and the National Gallery actually thrown open to a profane crew of sightseers for one hour on alternate Sundays! Shall we reduce our sister island to the status of a mere Colony—although, of course, our Colonies are, as we have said before, the pride and mainstay of the Empire?

Under such a régime, emigration to some autocratically-governed country would be the only resource left, and we ourselves should certainly settle in the densest and most savage parts of the African jungle, if the break-up of the Empire was not sure to offer an unprecedented opening for sensational hysterics;—an opportunity which, from a patriotic point of view, would, of course, be most deplorable, but which, at the same time, journalistically considered, would pay exceptionally well.

(From the "D-ly N-us.")

THERE cannot be two opinions that a Gladstonian defeat at the Elections would utterly upset the equilibrium of the Universe. Such an event would show that English voters did not care twopenoe for Justice, Truth, Generosity, Patriotism, and all the rest of the Virtues, and that their spirit altogether failed to throb within them in response to the magnanimity of Mr. TIM HEALY,

the more than Ciceronian eloquence of Mr. SEXTON, and the kindly patronage of Mr. PARNELL. We should carry on a miserable existence in a kingdom divided against itself, and in a hopelessly shattered Empire. Lord SALISBURY, we need hardly add, would be so entirely master of the situation, that within twelve months the British Fleet, cooperating with a million Orangemen armed to the teeth, would have laid Dublin in ashes, the whole of the present Irish Parliamentary Party would have been shipped off to St. Helena, Mr. GLADSTONE—with Sir ANDREW CLARK as his only attendant—would be chained in a cellar in Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S town-house, trade would have ceased, commerce perished, and "our old nobility" would alone be left, to play lawn-tennis and hold garden-parties on the site where once stood the Royal Exchange and the Bank of England. It is indeed a solemn thought that all these consequences may be brought about by putting a cross in the wrong place on a voting paper! Yet truth is sometimes stranger than fiction, and it will, we believe, also prove far stronger than faction.

### A REGATTA RHYME.

*On Board the "Athena," Henley-on-Thames.*

I LIKE, it is true, in a basswood canoe  
To lounge, with a weed incandescant;  
To paddle about, there is not a doubt,  
I find is uncommonly pleasant!  
I love the fresh air, the lunch here and there,  
To see pretty toilettes and faces;  
But one thing I hate—allow me to state—  
The fuss they make over the Races!  
*I don't care a rap for the Races!—*  
*Mid all the Regatta embraces—*  
*I'm that sort of chap, I don't care a rap,*  
*A rap or a snap for the Races!*

I don't care, you know, a bit how they row,  
Nor mind about smartness of feather;  
If steering is bad, I'm not at all sad,  
Nor care if they all swing together!  
Oh why do they shout and make such a rout,  
When one boat another one chases?  
'Tis really too hot to bawl, is it not?  
Or bore oneself over the Races!  
*I don't care a rap for the Races, &c., &c.*

Then the Umpire's boat a nuisance we vote,  
It interrupts calm contemplation;  
Its discordant tone, and horrid steam moan,  
Is death to serene meditation!  
The roar of the crowd should not be allowed;  
The gun with its fierce fulmination,  
Abolish it, pray—'tis fatal, they say,  
To pleasant and quiet flirtation!  
*I don't care a rap for the Races, &c., &c.*

If athletes must pant—I don't say they shan't—  
But give them some decent employment;  
And let it be clear, they don't interfere  
With other folks' quiet enjoyment!  
When luncheon you're o'er, 'tis really a bore—  
And I think it a very hard case is—  
To have to look up, from *pâté* or cup,  
And gaze on those tiresome Races!  
*I don't care a rap for the Races, &c., &c.*

The Races, to me, seem to strike a wrong key,  
Mid dreamy delightful diversion;  
There isn't much fun seeing men in the sun,  
Who suffer from over-exertion!  
In sweet idle days, when all love to laze,  
Such violent work a disgrace is!  
Let's hope we shall see, with me they'll agree,  
And next year abolish the Races!  
*I don't care a rap for the Races, &c., &c.*

THE School Board of London have passed a resolution calculated to make it generally known that children will not be refused admission to Board Schools on the ground of their being barefooted. This is of course quite right, as the Board is naturally entirely in its element in dealing with all cases of defective understanding.



"CLASSES."

*New Guard (to Peer of the Realm, who is very careless about his dress and personal appearance). "MAKE 'ASTE!—TUMBLE IN 'ERE, OLD MAN! NO ROOM IN THE THIRD!"*

## PRO OR CON.?

*(From a Waverer's Diary.)*

*Monday.*—Have spent the whole morning over the papers, and am more confused than ever about my vote. I certainly partly agree with HARTINGTON, and can't help being carried away with the thorough "go" of RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, but at the same time there's GLADSTONE's letter, and MORLEY's speech, a good deal of which strikes me as unanswerable. I wish the papers were not quite so full of election addresses, for really, in trying to read them all, one gets quite muddled. However, no occasion to come to any decision to-day. I've got the week before me, and can take my time. Besides, GLADSTONE speaks to-night, and I shall see what he has to say to-morrow morning. Don't fancy, though, his flavour will quite suit my taste. Can't say, at present, I see the necessity for "Home Rule."

*Tuesday.*—Just been reading the Grand Old Man's peroration. Quite magnificent. Could see the audience, breathlessly listening to every word, and understand their being completely swept away in the stream of their own enthusiasm. It must have been a glorious sight. There's not a doubt of it his passionate cry to his fellow-countrymen to do justice to Ireland rings true. Yes, I'm quite sure of it, Home Rule, without any reserve, is the correct thing. I've never had any great doubts about it, but now my mind is quite made up. I shall vote straight for the G. O. M.

*Wednesday.*—A good deal unsettled by reading SALISBURY's last night's speech. The question is, of course, how far can one trust him. If, for instance, what he says about Ulster is really true, I confess it very much alters one's view of matters. Then, again, he says he doesn't mean "coercion" at all. Just the enforcing the ordinary law of the land. Of course, if that is all, that's right enough. But then, why offer to repeal the ordinary law after twenty years? Muddle here. I wonder whether the G. O. M. is really playing the game of dismemberment of the Empire, as SALISBURY tries to make out. Can't believe he is; still, he puts the matter very strongly. Must turn it over in my mind a bit. Shouldn't like to go and give my vote the wrong way, after all. 'Pon my word, it's very confusing.

*Thursday.*—Thank goodness, I've read MORLEY's speech, and also

PARNELL's. Quite made up my mind again. Nothing could be more outspoken or convincing than MORLEY, and I go with him entirely in everything he says; while there's an honest ring about PARNELL's utterances that is unmistakable. He scoffs at the thought of the Ulster mischief, and he is evidently quite right, and knows what he is talking about. Of course, five-sixths of the Irish nation ought to have their way, and it's monstrous to try and keep them from getting it. My mind's made up, and I can see the thing quite clear. I go for "Home Rule," and that's settled.

*Friday.*—Have been reading BRIGHT's speech, five columns of it, and am bound to say my yesterday's views have been a good deal affected by it. "Old JOHN BRIGHT," can't be suspected of playing a Tory game, and here he is dead against the Government. Has set me thinking, and I've been looking into Irish History, but I can't make much of it. Certainly I agree with him, that we ought not to try a gigantic experiment of this sort, just to please 3,000,000 out of 36,000,000, and he argues that it will be a dead failure as well. I wonder whether he really means what he says. Suppose he does. Very awkward, this continued "up and down" sort of feeling. How I do wish the voting was over! I've half a mind to toss for it, which way I go. Bothered if I can make out which way it will be.

*Saturday.*—Been at the papers all the morning, reading addresses pro and con. Home Rule, and have been more confused than ever, but a couple of letters of the Grand Old Man, have somewhat cleared the atmosphere for me, and I think now on the whole, I can't do wrong in giving him my vote. Still I can't quite make up my mind, and on my way to the polling booth, I stop and read an opposition manifesto, which again rather opens the floodgates of doubt, as to whether I shall be really doing the right thing. Have both candidates' cards in my pocket. Wish I could come to a final decision, which to vote for. Don't see what else I can do, but get out a half-penny and toss for it. Do it. Heads, GLADSTONE. Heads it is. Best out of three. Toss again. Tails this time,—that's SALISBURY. Now to decide. Here goes. Heads, by Jove! So the G. O. M. wins. Register my vote for him, and loiter home with a clear conscience. Thank goodness, that's off my mind.

FREE-MASONRY.—The glorious pomp and circumstance of Charity.



## SUCH A COMIC OPERA!

"Let us Be-at-ty together."—Old Song. Music by Hervé.

ON Tuesday the 29th of June, *Fricoli*, humorously described as a "Comic Opera," was produced at Drury Lane. On such a night, when the heat was oppressive, *Fricoli* was welcome as a gentle frost. Without much call upon my imagination, I can suppose such a scene as this between Messrs. HARRIS and HERVÉ:—

*Hervé.* I should like much to produce my opera, *Fricoli*, at Drury Lane.

[*Thinks to himself that he would be very glad to get a chance for it somewhere in England.*]

*Harris.* Ah—yes—*Fricoli*. Yes—ah—what's it about?

[*Thinks aside that, whatever it is, on certain terms it might fill up the interval between CARL ROSA's departure and the next Sensation Drama, and might give him an opportunity of securing some of his people who would be scanted for the Drama and the Christmas Pantomime.*]

*Hervé.* Very characteristic: great opportunity for costume, for scene, for tout ce qu'il y a de plus beau. There is no Manager in the world who can put a piece on the stage as you. Ah no! it is true. And what theatre!—Drury Lane, for spectacle! Superb!

*Harris.* Yes; we do everything rather well at The Lane, I flatter myself. No cheese-paring, no old scenery and dresses. No; we'll do it for you to-rights, my boy—that is, you understand me, if we do do it. What's the costume? I don't want any classics, or Wagner style, no Tannhäuser and armour.

*Hervé.* But no. There is not of that. *Foyons!* It is Duc, Duchesse—

*Harris.* Oh, I know—Louis Quatorze or Louis Quinze costume. Not very new, but effective. Big chorus?

*Hervé* (thinking that this is a detail which he can arrange when he once gets it on the stage). Not great. The Opéra Comique chorus as ordinaire. Some pretty girls—

*Harris.* Yes, yes—I know—Pages, Courtiers, Noblemen, Ladies of the Court, a few *soubrettes*. Now, as to terms? (These having been arranged to their mutual satisfaction, the dialogue proceeds.) Good. Well, you know I've not heard a note of it as yet. KINGSTON has done the lyrics, eh? I'll put it on the stage, and if there are only a few lively "goey" airs— Let's see, you wrote *Chilpéric*, *Little Faust*, *L'Œil Crévé*, didn't you?

*Hervé* (pleased). Perfectly. (Then conscientiously remembering that he has tried to get away from his old form in this new work.) But this is not an Opéra bouffe. It is Comic Opera.

*Harris.* Ah, well, I don't care what you call it, as long as it is comic, with plenty of tuney tune in it. The public like tune, my boy.

*Hervé.* And who can you give me for to sing?

*Harris.* Oh, that's all right. (Thinks over a few names in "Human Nature.") There's HARRY NICHOLLS—he's a deuced fine tenor, when he likes.

*Hervé.* Ah! ARRÉ NEEKOL. I do not know him, but I will take your word.

*Harris* (thoughtfully—with a view to a Company for next Drama). Then there's PATEMAN. I can get PATEMAN, if I try. He'll come.

*Hervé.* What voice has PATEMAN?

*Harris.* Voice? Oh, sings everything—anything, chiefly baritone though, and not bad in a chorus.

*Hervé.* And the women?

*Harris* (enthusiastically). My dear Sir, got the pick of London for you. Only got to say whom you'll have, and there she is. ("Thinks of a number—adds ten to it.") Then it suddenly occurs to him that ROSE HERSEE has been frequently mentioned to him. Determines to try it. Good name, "ROSE." ROSE HERSEE's disengaged,—do first-rate for you. What's the heroine?

*Hervé* (a trifle uncertain). Well—the prima donna would be Rosella.

*Harris* (as if grasping the whole plot intuitively). Just the part for ROSE HERSEE. By the way, where's the scene laid? At Frivoli, of course, eh? Fête in the Gardens of Frivoli! I see. (Beaming in view of a grand effect with lanterns and KATTI LANNER.) Frivoli, a sort of Tivoli, I know. I can make it grand.

*Hervé* (checking his impetuosity). Mais non—vous vous trompez. Frivoli is the chief part—a singer.

*Harris* (disgusted). A singer! Daah it! I thought it was tea-gardens. Well, all right—(reconciles himself to the fact)—fire away. What sort of a part is Frivoli?

*Hervé* (enthusiastically). Oh, bright, bright! A sort of—(is about to say "Troubadour," but recollects the recent operatic production of that name just in time to stop himself and substitute)—Wandering Minstrel—gay—beaucoup de chic—spécès de Cherubino—

*Harris.* Ah—a boy? That is, I mean, to be played by a woman?

*Hervé.* Perfectly, by a woman! (Trying to inspire AUGUSTUS with his own enthusiasm.) Piquante! pétillante!! ravissante!!!

*Harris* (pretending to catch the inspiration). The very one—just mentioned her! (Slaps him on the shoulder.) ROSE HERSEE, my boy! Do it, and look it, down to the ground. She's an all round actress.

So I should imagine the cast was gradually settled, and with the results that a considerable burden is laid on those gifted vocalists, Messrs. HARRY NICHOLLS and PATEMAN,—but a greater burden is laid on the audience. There are Counts and Duchesses and *soubrettes* and



*Hervé composes, Druriolanus disposes.*

Quinze, and the dialogue is of the present Music Hall topical kind, patented on the stage by that amusing wag Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS,—admissible in burlesque and *Opéra bouffe* which is much the same thing, but not in Comic Opera, of which the *Marriage of Figaro* and *Barber of Seville*, are the standard.

MISS MURDOCK arrived late—not until the Second Act—and wouldn't have been there then, if she hadn't come on horseback. What the point of this was, Heaven, HERVÉ, and HARRIS only know. Miss SOLDEN seemed to be in pain when she sang; and I pitied her and the eminent tenor HARRY NICHOLLS, in their great contortionist duet. Mr. MARGATE PIERPOINT sang nicely, and a gentleman perversely calling himself "S. W. GILBERT" (so like his topsy-turvy style instead of "W. S. GILBERT," and taking us all by surprise, while ARTHUR SULLIVAN is hard at work at his new Cantata) proved himself to be possessed of a very sweet voice and correct style.

The one thoroughly hearty *encore*—and this scored a treble, perhaps as a kind of protest against the rest of the Opera, and to show M. HERVÉ the sort of thing the English public do like, and do expect from him,—was for a chorus of Austrian soldiers with plenty of action and a thundering lot of drum, a good show of girls, and a dance by KATTI LANNER's pupils,—who seem, under her system,



to have been trained up into womanhood since last Christmas. This chorus, march past, and dance were nearer to M. HERVÉ's old *Chilpéric-L'Œil Crévé* form than anything I heard the whole evening; but I admit I came away in the middle of the Third Act, and perhaps all that was worth hearing was given after I had retired.

Mr. PATEMAN, apparently, had the Hovering Cock and the "Good All Round" Minstrel, a fine part during who ought to sing, "Hover! of thee I'm fondly dreaming," the above-mentioned chorus. It was chiefly in action, but I fancy he was speaking, and probably saying any number of good lines which would be unfortunately lost to the audience, on account of the vigorous conduct of the drummers, who were thoroughly enjoying themselves. One of the sentimental—I believe it was intended to be sentimental—songs, is worth immortalising in an illustration; it was sung by the airy-fairy Frivoli, and its refrain was—

Happy Thought! If I could

Catch a glimpse of the cook

As she hovers the kitchen around! &c., &c. (See Illustration.)

After the Second Act I came to the conclusion that a grave mistake

had been made in the cast. *Fricoli* is a low comedian's part, and, if neither Mr. Wm. HILL nor Mr. RIGHTON could have been engaged, it ought to have been played by HARRY NICHOLLS, while Miss ROSE HERSEE could have taken one of the numerous heroines, of whom there seemed to be a lot about; and to distinguish her from the others, she could have executed the peculiar "jodel" for which she is famous, and which is so much better when unchecked by the band's accompaniment. With this alteration, with PATEMAN as the *Duc*,—without a song or duet (and why couldn't he be a bachelor?)—with most of the music omitted, except the soldiers' chorus and ballet, and some from *Chilpéric* substituted for what it might be proposed to leave in, with the best of the Be-attified Lyrics retained, but all the dialogue removed bodily, and Mr. NICHOLLS left to his own invention, aided by a few suggestions from Messrs. PETTIT and HARRIS, and then the *mise-en-scène* by AUGUSTUS DRUGIOLANUS being admirable throughout, the last Act might finish with an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, (now only seen mildly blazing in the distance) which should involve the characters in one common ruin, and bring down the curtain to the satisfaction of everybody. This might draw the Town, or what is left of it, until the production of the new Drama, by AUGUSTUS MAGNUS and HENRICUS PARVUS, is ready,—and let us hope that this date is not far off. Wishing that their previous success may be "continued in their next," I am everybody's Candid Friend,

NIBBS.

## ROBERT AT EGHAM.



Ah! I were, rayther! which I wish on the ole as I adent a bin. Heggum ain't much of a place not to look at, not on ornery oecashuns, Heggum ain't. To speak the onest truth, it's jest a leetle bit sleepy, and ain't generally mutch trubled to know how to manage its traffik. But Heggum seed another site on Wensday last, as the poet says, altho' I must confess they'd ha seen it a good deal better if they'd ha had the fourthort jest to ha had the roads watered for the clowds of dust was that blinding as noboddy couldn't see mutch else. But what they wanted in

"Not 'ere yesserday, Mum? No, Mum, I were at Heggum for the Olloway Hopening."

water they made up in loyalty, witch litorally blazed out all over the place, from the bold assertion at the principal Pub, that HER MAJESTY had earned all Heggum's love for harf a sentry, down to the little culled pocket handkerchief hanging out of a garret winder, on witch was painted "We welcomes our QUEEN!"

Ah! and wot Heggum said Heggum meant, and I don't think as any owing demmygog as gos about a denouncing of all the greatest hinstitushuns of the land, grand old copperashuns and all, woud ha had a werry agreeable time of it if he'd have attempted to lectur at Heggum about 5 a clock, pea, hem, on Wensday larst, and long be the day when he can! There was a werry convenient Hoss Pond close bye. Being a remarkabel fine day, I warked from the Station to the Skool, witch I was told wasn't a mile off, no more it wasn't, for it was jest about too. Oh these little country jokes, how they seems to be carried down for long long ears! Wen I at length reached the Skool, I

could ardy help thinking as I was a being played another joke wen I was told to enter a lovely Pallis. But so it was, and to my mind, small tho' that mind may be, I says without not no dowt, nor no hesitation, that it's the werry loveliest Pallis as I ewer entered perfeshionally. Why there was sum parts on it as was that hexquisitly chizzled as you mite ha taken it for confeskahunary, and if that isn't a complement to the harkitect I don't know what is.

I passes hover all the sherrymonial part of the bizziness, for, trewth to tell, my long ot walk, and my long ot waiting for sumthink to do, fairly owercome me, and I slept the sleep of the idle waiter. I woke up jest in time to see Mr. MARTIN HOLLOWAY give HER MAJESTY a bootiful Gold Box. Happy man he looked, tho' he was rayther ot. But weather the rapshur of that moment repaid him for the spending of seven underd thousand pounds of his Mother-in-Lor's money in bilding a gals' Skool is a problem as I leaves to wiser eds nor mine. It was fortnate for me, as I ad my little slumber, for the next hour after the QUEEN left was about the ottest and the ardest as I hever went through. My place, unifor anately, was jest in the middle of the burning sun—and the sun does jest shine at Heggum—and the table allotted to me was jest about harf a quarter of a mile long. Let any one try to fany a freely-perspiring Waiter standing alone behind such a table as that, with a frightfully hungry public, three deep, a shouting for wittels and drink. Wot woud a mere common Waiter have dun under sitch trying suckumstances? Have tried his best, and failed miserably. Wot did I do? I carmly and quietly handed to them nearest the table, to one—a dish of sanwiches, to another a basket of strawberries, to another a dish of cakes, to another a jug of what is called Shampain sup, and a tumbler, and in about twenty minutes arter I tried this little game my tabel was all cleared, and I quietly announced the fact as follows,—“Ladies and Gents, there ain't no more wittels,” and they all forsook my emty tabel, and fled elsewhere.

The tabels was all put round a square place, as they called a quod-wrangle, I'm sure I don't know why. Browns said as it was meant as a sort of prison, where the yung lads of the future, was to have out their little differences, as the name signifide, but Browns does romance so. There was plenty of my hold paytrons there, and sum of my young uns. I was much emused at the trubbel a werry fussy old gent took, to keep all the werry best places for the habesent quire. He tried werry hard to git one of Mr. *Punch's* hone gennelmen to leave, with all his lads, long before it was nessyerry, but he smiled and sed, “move for a mere quire, no, not for a ream!” and the fussy old gent was so astonished that he said no more. He tried the same silly thing with the three butiful graces of Werginyourwater, and Mr. DOKASY, the Ungarian Ambassador, but they only looked at him and smiled, and he wanished into the emused crowd.

I had put by jist one dish of sanwiches for myself, but while at one hend of my long tabel, a ungrly gest got over and stole it! Such is human natur wen depraved by unger. So I looked in at the loyal Pub, as I warked down to the station, and over a crust and a glass I discussed the hole mistery of the day with a senerbil feller as I met there. He told me as the skool is for the heddicating of Female Parsons. That no man of the masculin gender, is hever to henter the sacred bilding. There's to be jest 250 skollards, all of 'em over seventeen, and ony one Principle Lady to look after 'em all, poor thing! and for them as brakes down it will be a sort of preparatory skool for the naybouring Sannytorium. To my shame I confesses as I bleevd all I herd, till I found out as he was merely a pennyalienier for a hapenny gernal as was a trying for to gammon an hed waiter. So I hopes for his sake as I shall never have the sattis-fachun of repaying him in his own koin, in the shape of wittels, or the saddle of mutton may be placed on the other horse. ROBERT.

## “O SI SIC OMNES!”

ACTIONS at Law would indeed be delightful if they were all conducted as pleasantly as was *Field v. Labouchere* last week. It was an action for libel; but scarcely was it commenced when Sir HENRY JAMES, interposing, said that Mr. FIELD's object was not to obtain damages, but only an acknowledgment that the statement made in *Truth* wasn't true. His client was a fair Field, and required no favour, that was all. Whereupon the ATTORNEY-GENERAL said he quite agreed with Sir HENRY, and that his own client, the popular senior Member for Northampton, most decidedly withdrew the statement complained of. He did not wish to be the Favourite against the Field, especially as the Favourite in this instance couldn't win. Then Mr. Justice DENMAN complimented them all on the extremely handsome behaviour of everybody in the case, and observed that if it were not waste of time to offer any comment of his own, he should be inclined to sum up by saying that, though there was a libel in *Truth*, yet there was no truth in the libel. A juror was then politely requested to withdraw. All the jurymen expressed themselves ready to oblige immediately. Whereupon everybody bowed to everybody else, the fees were paid, the bells were rung, the next case was called on, and we hope they'll all live happily ever afterwards.





### FELINE AMENITIES.

"LOOK, DEAR! THERE'S YOUR HUSBAND GOING IN TO SUPPER WITH MRS. SCUDAMORE—A DANGEROUSLY ATTRACTIVE WOMAN. LET ME WARN YOU!"

"HOW GOOD OF YOU! HOW I WISH HE WAS GOING IN TO SUPPER WITH YOU, DEAR, INSTEAD!"

### THE WIND AND THE SUN.

Who'LL care to heed, 'midst faction's furious  
Babel  
That rages round the land,  
A whisper from the World of ancient fable?  
Who'll stoop to understand  
The application of the old old story  
To tumult of the time,  
Or bend to teaching of old allegory  
His fiery front sublime?  
Loud Æolus our age too fiercely urges,  
We find ourselves at last  
Mere thralls to Boreas and to Boanerges.  
The brawler and the blast.  
Blow, blow! All strain, the Blues, the Greens,  
the Yellows,  
Their cheeks or large or small,  
The hurricane, or a mere pair of bellows,  
The whiff, or the White Squall.  
SALISBURY'S sirocco, CHURCHILL'S cyclone  
thunder  
Around us day and night,  
And MORLEY'S simoom meets—to the world's  
wonder—  
The Counterblast of BRIGHT.  
O windy chaos, flatulent cataclysm!  
Would not Sol's gentle ray  
Still the loud tempest, heal the party schism  
And hush the windy fray?  
The North Wind in the fable, fierce and frigid,  
Long on the traveller blew,  
But he close-reefed, and resolute and rigid,  
His cloak still tighter drew.  
Only the genial sunburst moved and melted.  
Supposing it should prove

That hate, long proof 'gainst blasts that  
howled and pelted,  
Should yield at length to love.  
Whew! All the winds will roar at the  
And all refuse to lend [suggestion,  
Consideration to the craven question.  
Well, well, rage on and spend  
Your fiercest force upon the task unending,  
Call each auxiliary blast; [rending.  
You'll have to try, when you are tired of  
Sol's gentler strength at last.

### NOVELTIES IN SONG-WORDS.

THE Russian Choir have delightful titles  
for their part-songs, as for instance, "*There  
is my Heart, thou fine black-eyed Youth*," "*O  
my Guelder-trees: O my Raspberry Bush*."  
The last reminds us of the term of endear-  
ment by which Mr. PICKWICK was supposed  
to have addressed Mrs. BARDELL. Adapted  
as a Russian song, the Pickwickian love-ditty  
might be rendered, "*O my tender Chops!  
O my sweet Tomato Sauce!*" Perhaps this  
may set a new fashion for ballad-mongers.  
The series is evident according to the season,  
"*O my Blooming Bacon! O my Bonnie  
Beans!*" "*Mine is thy Heart, my little  
Cabbage,*" "*Love me little, love me strong,*"  
the song of the spring onion. "*My fair  
Goose, my fine Goose!*" "*O my lost Duck-  
ling!*" "*Sweet Potato, how I mashed you!*"  
"*Tell me not in currant Numbers!*" and  
many others which will suggest themselves  
to our TOSTIS, WETHERBYS, COTSFORD-DICKS,  
and MOLLOY.

### MR. PUNCH'S SKETCH OF A HOME- RULE BILL.

1. ENGLAND, Scotland, and Ireland each to have a National Assembly composed of the Members of Parliament belonging to its own particular nationality.
2. Members of Parliament throughout the three kingdoms to be elected on one settled plan according to the numbers of the population, and without regard to the locality.
3. The National Assemblies to sit for one month or longer as the occasion may require at London, Edinburgh, and Dublin before the meeting of the Imperial Parliament. During this time they shall decide upon such Bills dealing with local interests as they may consider necessary.
4. Immediately after the closing of the Assemblies, the Imperial Parliament to be held.
5. All Bills passed by the Assemblies to be submitted to the Imperial Parliament, and not to be rejected unless there is a majority of a clear three-fourths against them.
6. After the passing of the Assembly Bills (which shall be passed by the House of Commons to the exclusion of the House of Lords) the ordinary business of the Session of the Imperial Parliament to be transacted.
7. The Imperial Parliament to meet alternately at London, Dublin, and Edinburgh. But no Irish Members to be allowed to appear in more than one of these places at the same time.



PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JULY 10, 1886.



## THE WIND AND THE SUN.

(From Mr. Punch's own "Knock.")







### SPEECHES TO BE LIVED DOWN, IF POSSIBLE.

She. "LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO A VERY CHARMING LADY, TO TAKE DOWN TO SUPPER."  
He. "A—THANKS—NO. I NEVER EAT SUPPER!"

### THE LOST LETTER-BAG.

("Littera scripta manet.")

PERHAPS it was the festivities of the late genial wintry Whitsuntide season that induced the Postman to sit down in the street and play Russian Patience with the letters. Perhaps, on the other hand, the letter-bag was stolen, after an immense expenditure of careful skill, by Mr. WILLIAM SIKES, who supposed it to contain diamonds for the Amsterdam Market, and who threw it away when he found that its contents were only the following epistles. In any case the letters are unclaimed by their authors and owners, and Mr. Punch, like another famous man of genius, "takes his own wherever he finds it,"—and publishes it. In some instances where the signatures are illegible, they have been omitted, in the hope that the style and the matter may betray the writers, by whom, no doubt, the letters will be immediately claimed.

DEAR THOMPSON,

I.

Bloomsbury, June 25.

THE pursuit of scientific research into Natural History, has its difficulties when the student is compelled to reside in this Metropolis. My favourite adder lately made its escape, and was killed by the unsympathetic cook in my neighbour's coal-cellar. This incident has made me unpopular in the district, and my experiments as to the "homing instincts" of the domestic Cat have been, on the whole, rather a failure. You remember our discussion of the remarkable anecdotes about Cats in the *Spectator*, and probably you have not forgotten the anecdote of the kitten which found its way home to Thurso from Penzance? With the purpose of testing the existence of the homing instinct in the Cat, I have devoted six months to collecting, (by the use of valerian and unremitting kindness) the toms and tabbies of the neighbourhood. All the bakers' windows here are full of advertisements beginning, "LOST a Magnificent Persian Cat," and so forth. The animals unknown to their proprietors, were all safe in my study: science has its rights as well as its duties. Last week I determined to test finally the cats' boasted power of finding their way home. In the dead of night I chartered five four-wheelers, filled them with cats of every land and race—the tail-less Manx, the blue hairy Russian, the common puss, and so forth. I then bade the cabmen drive to Wimbledon Common. Before I could complete these simple arrangements, a large and angry crowd had collected opposite my house, and though I explained to the policeman that I was merely engaged in a scientific experiment, my windows were broken by

the excited populace. Finally we got under weigh, and about five in the morning we reached Wimbledon Common. In a desert place, (near "the fourth hole out," you will know it if you are a golf-player) I opened the door of the cabs, and released the feline fares, or rather the survivors, for a dreadful pitched battle had been fought in each cab. After a little skirmishing in the open, the cats withdrew into the adjacent brushwood, but I had considerable difficulty in satisfying the cabmen. It must be admitted that the interiors of their vehicles had been a good deal altered for the worse. Now, will you believe it, despite their instinct, not one of these cats has returned to my home, though they all received the most distinguished kindness! So much for their boasted "Instinct!" I have ever since been persecuted by the minions of the police, and am hooted in the streets, as "The Count and his Cats," when I take my walks abroad. The crayfish in the cisterns are defunct. London is no home for the naturalist.

Yours ever,

GILBERT WHITE, (of Bloomsbury).

SIR,

II.

Piccadilly.

GRATIFIED as we are by the receipt of so lavishly generous a demand, and gladly as we would have your illustrious name added to our list of patrons, we regret that the Retail nature of our business prevents us from executing your obliging order for Eight Hundred Hats, made to your own pattern, for your private use.

We remain your obedient servants,

FELTHAM AND POTT.

III.

Ballykilbrothfabuoy, Ulster, June 27.

DEAR GENERAL,

YOUR plan (in certain circumstances) for a combined attack on Dublin and Lime-rick, by forces descending the Liffey and Shannon, in whalers, is to hand, and contents noted.\* The scheme for landing and disposing the men, disguised as anglers, tract distributors, and agents for patent land-fertilisers, is excellent. But the whale-boats? How is *Transport* to be arranged for, and are you quite serious in your plan for a Camel Brigade, the camels being harnessed to jaunting cays? You say MOLTKE says he never heard of such versatile resource, as is implied in this scheme of yours, and in the Balloon Brigade of Protestant Skye Blue Jackets, but menageries are very rare in Ireland, and you will not be able to make war support itself, in this country, at least as far as recruiting animals for the Camelry is concerned. While acknowledging your esteemed favour, we would respectfully solicit a fresh sample of your celebrated military patterns, and remain

Faithfully yours,

P.S.—The weather has got at the Gardiner guns concealed in the bog, and they all jam. So do the "Hymn-books," all but one that went off by accident yesterday and killed the pig.

\* The mixture of a military and commercial style in this letter, is remarkable.

(To be continued.)

### Dr. Bright's Bolus.

I've loved those darling Irish all my life,  
I watch their woes with sympathy and pity;  
And so, to settle all our life-long strife,  
I'd give them—yes, I would—a—Grand Committee!



"NEITHER MUZZLED NOR LED."

## MARY ANNER ON THE SKARESERTY OF MISSUSSES.

DEAR LIZER JANE,  
THIS comes oping as you are A 1, and find your new sitcherwation to your mind. I am still out of collar, as the saying is, and likely so to be if things don't alter. There's a lot of talk jest now of the scarserty of domestic Servants. What I complain of is the scarserty of Missusses! By wiah, my dear, I mean Missusses as a gal of sperrit can demean erself to live with. I've bin after no less than fourteen sitcherwations this hidetical week as ever is, and not one of them wuth its salt, let alone being posishuns in wich a young lady of a self-respective turn and pussonal atractions second to few could be appy in. Wot I want to know is who's to compensate me for the consekent loss of time and aggerivation of temper? Seven hindiwial Hagencies has my name on their books, from stuck-up young minxes of seventeen to gig-lamp'd old frumps of seventy—meaning the lady-prinserples, my dear—and never a heligible horfer have I ad out of the blessed lot. And then it's the Missusses as complains! Ojus, isn't it?

My dear LIZER, the sitcherwations nows-a-knocking about—and evings knows they're as plentiful as plums in porridge or 'air-pins in a fashernable lady's ed—aint wuth tuppence a baker's dozen, and dear at that. And as to the Missusses, well, a bunch of dog's-meat is a king to 'em! Missusses, indeed! My dear, will you believe as one of 'em 'ad the *impidence* to object to my wearing my dimond ring to wait at table with, and said she must really droke the line at scarlit silk stockings to clean the steps in. *She* droke the line, indeed! I give her wot for, I can promise you. And as to the places thei'selves, it's simply 'art-breaking. Some in quiet roads, full of 'orrid laylocks and lime-trees, with walled gardens, doorways twenty yards from the roadway, and never a sight of a sojer or even a Salvashun Army from week's end to week's end. Ermites' caves, my dear, is a fool to em. Others with families of kids (I nearly made a Missus explode the other day by eluding to her seven children as "kids") a-kicking about all over the shop like, with hears for hevery bit o' gossip and eyes for hevery follower. Not me, LIZER! Others agin where the Missus is a old Maid erself, and expecks all female flesh to go and do likewise, no company but frumps with black bags and bob-curls, not even a young man lodger or occashinil gardener to liven one up a bit. Fancy! And others where it's all company, gents as smoke and talk syanse and flosify and stuff, with bones and stones, and mosses and mierrykopes, keeping it up till two in the morning, and never knowing whether one's gownd is pink or blue, or giving one a "my dear" or a—well, a saloot, or a tip, nor nothink. Oh, lor! Call that life? Others where it's all prayers, cold meat without

pickles, and Marster a-trotting round at ten every night to see if all the lights is out, and not a follower or a *Family Herald* ellowd within a mile of you. And they call sech oles Sitcherwations!

I perpose, ELIZER JANE, my dear, to drow up a form of questions, a sort of Missusses' Fust Cattychizem like, jest to save time and trouble, so as one can get the Missus to fill it up and sine it, like Inkum Tacks or Juries, before one bothers oneself further. Then, my dear, you could see 'ow the land lay, and in case of Quite Streets, or Children, or Old Maids, or Caps, or no Young Men, or Cold Meat, or Flosifers, or Attie-bedrooms, or Black Beedles, or Babies, or Objecshuns to Jewliery, or Washin, or Too Much Compy, or None at All, or Early Hours, or Late Ones, or Waxed Floors, or Son learning the Fiddle, or Teatotalism, or Tracks, or Tind Meats, or not enough Holidays, or too much Kitchen-Sneaking, or No Follerers, or less than Thirty Pound a year to begin with, or other insooperible hob-jee-shons, one could jest give it the Turn-up at onst without the ojus hordeal of dancing attendance on the Missusses, and putting of 'em through their facings *wyver wosy*, as the sayin is.

This seems to me to be a superior ideer, and one as us Domestic Ladies shall be right down druv to in self-defence. Advertisemens indeed is many, but Missusses—tolerable Missusses is painful few. We shall 'ave to sort 'em out, by Cattykissem, before we wastes our presious time, and spiles our sweet tempers on em in pussonal hintervews. Wot de you think, ELIZER-JANE, my dear? Oping for your hopinion by return and also to hear ow you like your new sitcherwashun, and ow you are gettin' on with that andsome young man in the air-dressin line, and also whether you've rekuverd your dalicoot touch on the pianner sinst you struck against scrubbin flores, I remane, yours most affeekshonate,  
MARY ANNER.

## Now and Then.

"Mr. BRIGHT has a faculty for proving in the long run right."—*Times*.

Good heavens! Bad omens are many and black,  
But none is so fitted weak souls to affright  
As to find—it's a floorer to those who look back—  
The Thunderer owning that BRIGHT means Be right!  
We may clearly expect—though 'tis coming it strong—  
Ten years hence it will hold Mr. GLADSTONE ne'er wrong.

"So the Prince, I see, has become a Mark Mason, whatever that may mean," observed Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "My husband used to tell me that the highest rank a Mason could rise to was a Knight of Mortar."

## LAY OF THE LIBERAL UNIONISTS.

DISMEMBER? Dismember?  
Stamp out the last ember,  
Of GLADSTONE's nefarious plot!  
It's rot, it's unreason,  
It's stuff, it's high treason.  
Vote Tory, and send Wro to pot!

## Homeric.

IN the latest edition of *The McIlhaid*, by our own Homer Ruler, an entirely new incident has been added. The subject of this novel portion of the poem is "The Election by acclamation of the Grand Old Achilles in the place of A-JACKS, who disappears in the Leithean Waters."

## Extremes.

MR. BRIGHT—*et tu Brighte!*—at Birmingham said  
His old friend, Mr. GLADSTONE, had quite lost his head.  
Very shocking, if true; but if WILLIAM should fail,  
'Tis because he'll have lost his (political) tail.

"WHEN Quarter-Day comes round," says Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "I go into the City and collect my dividends, and, after that, my nephew gives me luncheon, and we always have what they call a Charterhouse Steak. It's cut differently, and is quite delicious."

THE Royal Holloway College to be known as "The Pillories."





## A "COLINDERIES" PUZZLE.

SATURDAY—TO FIND YOUR RIGHT 'BUS, AND CROSS THE ROAD SAFELY!

## HOME RULE ALL ROUND.

(A Pumphandle Poem. TUNE—"Guy Fawkes.")

THE question for the country now is no mere choice of Ministers,  
 'Twixt Liberals and Conservatives, the Dexters 'gainst the Sinisters,  
 A party warfare waging, with designs and dodges tactical,  
 Within the sphere of politics, which common minds call practical.

Bow-wow-wow, &amp;c.

Home Rule's at most a moiety of a measure far more national,  
 The uppermost in every mind that's sensible and rational;  
 A measure to eradicate the vice of inebriety,  
 By interdicting liquors to all classes of Society.

Bow-wow-wow, &amp;c.

Needs must Home Rule for Ireland be domestic legislation,  
 Laid down on FATHER MATHEW'S lines to pacify the nation;  
 'Twould Iriahmen from whiekey wean, on thin drink strictly diet  
 'em.

And let them have no more potheen; which possibly might quiet 'em.

Bow-wow-wow, &amp;c.

Electors, in this crisis you've a splendid opportunity,  
 For the only Cause of consequence to all of the community.  
 Vote for no candidate, whose line in politics a fad I call;  
 But poll for the Teetotaler, Conservative or Radical.

Bow-wow-wow, &amp;c.

Home Rule the United Kingdom craves, that claim of its Alliance is  
 The only thing to care about—therein our sole affiance is.  
 None other do we want to press on Parliament's adoption;  
 Home Rule for every parish, Universal Local Option.

Bow-wow-wow, &amp;c.

AFTER reading the Court Circular, Mr. CRABTREE exclaimed,  
 "Why, that little cad, SNOOKS, has been presented at Court!"  
 "Presented by—?" inquired Mrs. CANDOUR, pausing for a reply.  
 "Presented by—mistake, I suppose," said Mr. CRABTREE.

## THE EMPIRE WITH A LASTING PIECE.

It is a lasting piece—that is, it lasts all the evening. How long it will run, that's another affair. I am speaking of *The Palace of Pearl*, now playing at the Empire Theatre. Though styled an Extravaganza, it has in it far more of the real operatic element than many productions which are boldly called Comic Operas. The plot is slight, and the action—such as it is—uninteresting; but the music, by Messrs. JAKOBOWSKI and STANISLAUS, is of an original, elaborate, effective, and artistic order that is highly refreshing. In the First Scene the two solos with refrains, "*A Minstrel's is a calling high*," and "*A Babe was I*," are positively delightful, and they are well sung by Mr. MYROM CALICE and Miss FANNY WENTWORTH respectively. The concerted number beginning "*Back to the King*," is spirited and well worked-up, and, before the Third Scene, occurs a most charming little bit of introduction by the band. Miss WADMAN gave a gipsy song with more tone and expression than she usually displays; but she had thoroughly sympathetic music to sing, and the curtain falls upon the First Act after a masterly and complete finale that would not be out of place in Grand Opera. Mr. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT is entrusted with the inevitable drinking-song with the not very novel refrain, "*Fill up!*" He sings gamely; but some of the low notes it contained are not in his voice.

The Ballet music—to a ballet, by the way, in which the skirts are divided with a vengeance—is very unusually pretty, besides being suitable and musicianly. Perhaps the only disappointing number is the septett "*On Tiptoe*," which is not on the same plane of excellence. More should have been made of it by such capable writers. It is, as it stands, too much like a Christy Minstrel chorus, first sung loud and then soft; there should have been more independence and variation in the parts. A great many of the songs are omitted, as the piece is found to be too long; but apart from any merits it may possess as a spectacle, I consider the joint efforts of Messrs. JAKOBOWSKI and STANISLAUS, in the music, to be not only admirable for the purpose, but almost incapable of improvement.

NIBELUNGELEY.

THE NEW AMERICAN MINISTER OVER HERE.—WARD BEECHER.

## HINT FOR HENLEY.

*"What's a' the steer?"*

MR. PUNCH'S COMPLIMENTS TO BOATING MEN. WHY NOT FIX A MIRROR IN FRONT OF YOU, AND "LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING"!

## REJOINDER AND REBUTTER.

*Mr. Gl-dst-ne replies—*

WHAT'S all this talk of smoke and reeking slaughter,  
Of men of words embracing men of blood—  
The hiss across the westward strait of water?  
What does it mean, this tumid speech in flood?  
Think you to call me single-hearted dreamer,  
With venom'd tongue at me to rant and rave,  
To set me down as shuffler, trickster, schemer,  
Will see me stern, and make my face grow grave?  
No, not at all! I mayn't approve their style,  
But if young men will yell at me—I smile!

I called you young, but the expression's shifty,  
For, though 'tis obvious you're young in thought,  
In age you must be very close on fifty,  
And might in manners p'raps be better taught.  
Yet have you seen the stars one after one rise,  
And set your harp in tune with all things free,  
And, after singing your sweet songs of sunrise,  
Have stooped to have this sunset yell at me!  
But there—yell on: and, pray, observe the while,  
That if you needs must yell—I only smile!

## THE REBUTTER.

*(By Lord R-and-lph Dizzy Minor.)*

Smile on, but what WILL SHAKESPEARE said is killin',  
"A man may smile and smile, and be a willin'."

## THE CITIZEN AS "CHUCKER-OUT."

MR. AUBERON HERBERT suggests the formation of "an independent Society for the preservation of free speech and good order at public meetings." Splendid idea—but, *Mr. Punch* thinks, impracticable, like so many of MR. AUBERON HERBERT'S superior notions. The pinch lies in the one word, "independent." People are virtuously indignant at the disturbance of public meetings, when that disturbance comes from "the other side." And, in the opinion of every good party man, it always *does* come from the other side. That of course is pure fudge; in this respect there is not a pin to choose between the parties. Most public meetings are fairly orderly; the minority of seriously disturbed ones are pretty equally divided between the two—or more—sides. An organised Society of "Chucker-Outs" would probably only complicate and aggravate matters. When MR. HERBERT can find plenty of men who are honestly and actively indignant at disturbances coming from *their own party or side*, he will have material for his "independent" Society of "physical stalwarts," and not till then. Meanwhile every chairman, speaker, or attendant at a public meeting should, by way of a beginning, set his face firmly against violence and obstruction of every kind, as being, what they are, a reproach to reason, and a disgrace to manhood. If he can contrive to "come down upon" the excoimes of his own side especially, the greater hero and better citizen he. The larger the number of men there are who qualify themselves for MR. AUBERON HERBERT'S Chucker-Out Cohort, the less will be the need for its services.

## THE MAD BAMBOO.

THERE was an ancient Nobleman, a pillar of the State,  
He wore the Garter ribbon, and his years were sixty-eight;  
He lost an old ancestral stick, the finest ever made,  
And went to buy another in the Burlington Arcade:  
But, as ill-luck would have it, why, what did his Lordship do—  
He absolutely went and bought—the Mad Bamboo!

He walked down Piccadilly in the self-same afternoon,  
'Twas what I think the poet called the leafy month of June;  
He met a noble lady there, a very ancient dame,  
When deep his cheeks were crimsoned by a sudden flush of flame;  
For lo! the stick from out his hand incontinently flew,  
It knocked that ancient lady down—the Mad Bamboo!



He saw a nursemaid in the Park, just where the Row begins,  
And in a little carriage she led out a brace of twins;  
He always liked small children, so he stooped to kiss the pair,  
When in a trice the horrid cane was waving in the air;  
It came down with an awful whack, and split their heads in two.  
Ah, woe is me that e'er he bought—the Mad Bamboo!

He went out to a theatre, the cane was in his hand,  
And found himself belabouring the backs of all the band;  
It wasn't quite the proper thing for anyone, they said,  
And least of all a nobleman, to break a bandsman's head;  
But that was what he straightway did. Oh, how he came to rue  
He ever bought that sinful stick—the Mad Bamboo!

He sat within the House of Lords, 'mid Peers of high degree,  
'Mid all the nobles in the realm was none so proud as he;  
When all at once the frantic cane was whirling round their ears,  
Then damaging the stately shins of Prelates and of Peers.  
It beat the great Lord Chancellor till he was black and blue,  
And all the House stood up and cursed—the Mad Bamboo!



It whacked his wife, it beat his bairns, until  
they turned and fled,  
It banged an aged relative who laid upstairs  
in bed;  
He took it to his doctor, just to see what he'd  
propose,  
It gave Sir WILLIAM JENNER then a san-  
guinary nose:  
In short, it raised atrocious wheals on  
everyone he knew,  
And even total strangers felt—that Mad Bamboo!

At last, grown quite exhausted by this Bedlamitic cane,  
He breathed his last; but even then it started off again;  
It danced upon the coffin-lid, maniacally spry,  
And gave the undertaker's man a most funereal eye.  
Take warning, then, by this my tale so terrible and true:  
Be very sure you never buy—a Mad Bamboo!

HOPPS, SKIPS, AND JUMPS.—PAGE HOPPS has failed, but he has shown himself a plucky person. With such a name, too! PAGE HOPPS, so suggestive of an entire dancing establishment, where we should find Butler Jumps, Footman Skips, Cook Capers, Groom Polkas, Ostler Waltzes, Nurse Mazourkas, and so forth. Had LORD RANDOLPH'S comic Committee-men thought of it in time, they would have placed over their room the motto, "All Hopps abandon, ye who enter here."





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